

## ZU MITTELENGLISCHEN GEDICHTEN.

### X.

#### Zu den 'Signa ante Judicium'.

In den Beiträgen von Paul und Braune VI 413 ff. hat G. Nölle eine sehr dankenswerte zusammenstellung und classification der bearbeitungen der 'legende von den fünfzehn zeichen vor dem jüngsten gerichte' gegeben. Vgl. auch R. Peiper, Zur gesch. der Mittellat. dichtung, im Arch. f. literaturgesch. IX 117 ff. Von gedruckten texten dürfte kaum etwas fehlen.<sup>1</sup> Aber eine durchsuchung der handschriften, namentlich in England und Frankreich, wird noch manchen neuen text zu tage bringen.<sup>2</sup>

Ich teile im folgenden zwei Me. bearbeitungen mit, die Nölle unbekannt geblieben sind. Die erstere entnehme ich der bekannten hs. Ff II 38 der universitätsbibliothek zu Cambridge, die andere der nicht weniger bekannten hs. Cott., Calig. A II des Brit. Mus. Die letztere steht in einem nahen verhältnisse zu dem von Stengel in seiner beschreibung von Digby 86, pag. 53 ff. aus letzterer hs. herausgegebenen bruchstücke. Doch weichen beide texte vielfach durchaus von einander ab, so dass der eine vielmehr als eine umarbeitung des andern anzusehen ist. Welchem derselben die priorität gebührt, lasse ich dahingestellt sein.

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<sup>1</sup> Die Altfriesische bearbeitung (cf. Nölle, no. 6) ist auch abgedruckt in Rieger's lesebuche 213.

<sup>2</sup> Auf dem umschlage des 4. heftes des 1. bandes der *Rivista di filologia romanza* findet sich unter den für die folgenden hefte jener zeitschrift versprochenen beiträgen angeführt: *W. Foerster. L'Anticristo e i XV segni, poema in dialetto franco-italiano del sec. XIII.* Doch ist die veröffentlichung dieses textes bisher nicht erfolgt.

## I. Cambridge, Univ. Ff II 38.

Here folowep þe .XV. tokenys before the day of  
dome (fol. 42<sup>v</sup>, sp. 1).

The grace of the holy goste,  
That ys ay stedfaste,  
Be nou amonge us,  
And þat graunt us swete *Jesus*.

- 5 Hyt ys no wonder thogh eche londe  
Can not Laten undurstonde; (sp. 2)  
Therefore y wyll yow telle in Englysche,  
As oure propur speche ys,  
And schewe of the tokenynges,  
10 That owre lorde, hevynkynges,  
Schall sende on erthe among mankyn  
For wrath þat he wole take for synne.  
For as us techys Jeremy,  
And the prophete Ysay,  
15 Bothe Davyd and Danyell,  
Moyses and Myghell,  
And other holy men þat have ben,  
The whych god lete scrypturys sene,  
And undurstonde and wyt also  
20 Of hys prevytses many moo,  
Then he dothe tho that levyn,  
For þat þey schulde ensauple gevyn  
To oþur þat trows not soche lore,  
That was þe skylle wherefore,  
25 And þat þey schoulden Cryste drede,  
Yf þey wyll have hevyn to þer mede,  
When they harden of pys preche,  
And of the fyrste day of wreche,  
That before domes day schall falle.  
30 Thys ys the furste day of all:  
On erthe schall falle a blody rayne  
All thys myddyllerthe agayne,  
On erthe, on stone, on grasse, on tree,  
A dredefull begynnyng schall þat bec.  
35 Tho chylder þat þen ben unbore  
Schull wepe full sore therfore,  
And crye in ther moders wombe.  
Lorde, that hath us undur honde,  
Let us nevyr be borne to see

20. *prevytses*, so lese ich in der hs.; verschrieben für *profecies*?  
(wol eher = *prevytees* nebenf. zu *privytees*. R. W.) — 27. *harden* =  
*herden*.

- 40 The grete sorow þat þen schall bee.  
 How schall hyt of þese wrechys fare!  
 Wepe burd ous for oure synnes care,  
 And of grete dome have drede,  
 If we wyll have hevyn to our mede;  
 45 And schryve us *and* make us elene.  
 Thys ys the fyrste day of XV, (43r, sp. 1)  
 Thys ys a day of grete sorowe,  
 But more comys on the morowe;  
 And us tellyth Davyd the kynge  
 50 Of that ylke tokenyng,  
 That all mankynde may sore drede,  
 As then wyse clerkys rede.  
 That other day y may yow telle,  
 As the wyse clerkys spelle;  
 55 For hyt wytnessyth Moyses,  
 That hyt may not be lees.  
 That day schall the sterrys all  
 Downe fro the welkyn falle;  
 There schall no þyng so faste flee,  
 60 That to the erthe hyt schall be,  
 And on the erthe faste renne,  
 As hyt were fyre *and* wolde brenne.  
 So faste þey schall on þe erthe glyde,  
 That undur þe erpe þey wolde þem hyde  
 65 For the drede that ys to come  
 Of þe dome, þat no man may schone.  
 Thys ys a tokenyng þat byrd us teche,  
 For to drede goddys wreche.  
 Before what was seyde *and* what was kydd  
 70 For soþe no thyng may be hydde;  
 Noght may there be forȝetyn,  
 But eche man hys mede getyn  
 Ryght aftur that he had wrought.  
 Wrenches ne wyles avayles noght,  
 75 But *with* a worde the dome ys ȝevyn,  
 Whethur he schall leve or dyen.  
 But, lorde, yf thy wylle hyt ys,  
 Syþen no þyng may fle þy ryȝtwysenes,  
 But thy mercy on us ley  
 80 For oght þat man may see or say.  
 To mykyll sorow we were borne,  
 And ellys were we all forlorne.  
 The þrydd day comeþ so keene,  
 Ther of drede may eche man, y weene,  
 85 That *ever* had forþoght oþere wytt;

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60—61. Man erwartet eine negation; cf. aber Zupitza zu Guy 1301.

- For hyt ys fonde in holy wrytt  
 Of the wyse profecy, (sp. 2)  
 That us tellyth Isay.  
 The sonne, he seyth, schall wex bloo,  
 90 And all hys bryghtnes forgoo,  
 And forworthe all away  
 The lyght þat he gevyth on the day;  
 For of þe sonne ne of the moone  
 Of them schall no lyghtnes come,  
 95 But all merkenes *and* all mekenynge.  
 Thys ys a full wondertokenynge,  
 Sythen *every* thyng þat god haþe wroght  
 Schall have knowyng *and* forthoght  
 Of the dede of Crystys wreche.  
 100 A selcouthe thyng þys ys to preche,  
 That man for whom ys all dyght  
 Have knowyng and forsyght  
 On all the schappes þat ther ben,  
 That wolde not before hym sene,  
 105 What wreche Cryste haþe done for synne,  
 So ryfe hyt ys amonge menkyne.  
 Of tokenynges thys ys the fourthe:  
 Grete drede schall falle in erthe;  
 For so seyth seynt John *with* þe gylden mouþe,  
 110 That tellyth of grete selcouthe.  
 He seyth: 'þe moone, þat ys so clene  
 And of gate swyfte and kene,  
 In soche state, when he ys newe,  
 Schall all forgo hur bryght hewe,  
 115 And forber all the lyght,  
 That sche yevyth on the nyght.  
 Downe fro þe welkyn sche schall falle  
 And become grene as any galle.  
 A grete space hyt schall glyde,  
 120 Toward the see hym to hyde,  
 That hyt schall fle *and* go good spede,  
 So hyt schall be takyn *with* drede'.  
 But, lorde, mekyll ys thy ryght,  
 And well more ys thy myght;  
 125 For to drede þat grete wreche,  
 And wele to hyt, lord, us teche.  
*Jesu*, lorde, us wysse and rede,

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95. *mekenyng* wol = *mekynge* 'lenire', etwa in der bedeutung 'mattwerden, ablassen'? — 111. Zwischen *seyth* und *þe* steht in der hs. ein mir unverständliches zeichen, wie ein langes *s* mit einem querstrich *aussehend*, ungefähr so, wie sonst *sir* abgekürzt wird. — 121. *good spede*; cf. Zupitza zu Guy 1876.

- And let us nevyr for no nede (43<sup>v</sup>, sp. 1)  
 Loose the blysse of bryghtnes,  
 130 That nevyr more ys merkenes.  
     The Vthe day ys full parellous  
     And also full dredefullous.  
     For on þat day schall all the tren,  
     That on the erthe growen or ben,  
 135 Upward schall the rotys all,  
     And the toppys downe falle;  
     That all tho þat þen levyn  
     With soche a drede þey schall be drevyn,  
     Evyr (to) þat drede of dome to have,  
 140 That undur erthe þey wolde be grave.  
     The bestys, þat of speche be dombe,  
     Upward schall ther hedys tombe,  
     And calle to god on ther wyse,  
     So sore þen schall þem agryse,  
 145 And wolden crye, yf they couthe,  
     Yf they myght speke *with* mouthe,  
     And tyll oure lorde of mercy pray.  
     A selcouthe thyng þys ys to say.  
     The beste, that hath no skylle,  
 150 But of speche [ys] dombe and dylle,  
     Of þat dome schall make mynde;  
     And soche tokenyng ys ageyn kynde.  
     Now comeþ þe VI[the] day so stronge,  
     With sorowe *and* sykyng ay amonge.  
 155 For than schall a flodd ryse  
     So grysly on storme wyse;  
     So hyt schall come *and* ovyrflown  
     All þat then ben on erthe growen.  
     The see schall wende owt of hys reste,  
 160 And ovyrgo all þat then may laste,  
     And drowne all þat then stondes,  
     Stokkes *and* stones, woddes *and* londes.  
     The fyscheys that ther in brede,  
     That now men take in ther nede,  
 165 Upwarde the londe þey schall swym,  
     Ageyn þe erthe to bete þer fynne, (sp. 2)  
     And wolden flee that day of wreche.  
     Soche a forewarnyng mygt us teche,  
     Yf that we couth any skylle,  
 170 To take the goode *and* leve the ylle.  
     Lorde, þon wysse us also

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154. *ay amonge*, wie sonst *ever amonge*; über letzteres cf. Zupitza zu Guy 650.

- That we nevyr for synne forgoo  
 The mekyll blysse þat þou haste hygt  
 To all tho þat levyn in ryght.
- 175     The VIIthe day ys moche to drede,  
 As these wyse clerkys rede.  
 That day worcheth agayn kynde,  
 In booly wrytt as man may fynde.  
 And þat ys not full moche wonder,
- 180     For þat day cometh layte *and* þonder;  
 Downe hyt dryveth halle *and* boure,  
 Churche, palyse, castell and toure.  
 Ther stondeþ no hows so faste on grounde,  
 Thogh hyt has coste an C. pounde,
- 185     But on þat day hyt schall down dryve,  
 And *with* þo þonder all toryve.  
 And seynt Poule seyth sekerly,  
 That hyt schall zeve soche a crye,  
 That the bodyes þat ben dede
- 190     A thousand wyntyrr in many a stede,  
 They schall crye in ther grave;  
 Soche drede of dome þey schall have  
 Agayne the dome þat ys to come,  
 That no levyng man may schone.
- 195     For yf any man myght flee,  
 Ther was never none þat hyt wolde se  
 For all the gode hens to Rome;  
 Wele byrd us drede that dome.
- In þe VIIIthe day, as we fynde,  
 200     Schall ryse a grete storme of wynde.  
 Amonge these clowdes blowe,  
 Yf oght stonde, downe hyt schall yt þrowe.  
 So grete stormes hyt schall make,  
 That rynde and rote schall tocrake;
- 205     And broke all that evyr was faste,  
 That schall be a wonderblaste. (44r, sp. 1)  
 And when þey have loste þer syght,  
 And hyt draweth to þe nyght,  
 Downe to helle hyt schall wende.
- 210     There hyt schall have ay wonnyng,  
 Among the fendys there to be;  
 Ther schall never man soche sorowe see.  
 Lord, what schall us then rede?  
 For soche tokenynge byrd us drede,
- 215     That evyr *and* ay arn preste to synne  
 For weele of þys worldys wýnne.  
 The IXthe day wyth mekyll care  
 Maketh us of blysse bare;  
 That ys lytyll wonder, y wene.

- 220 Who so bydeth that to sene,  
 He may see þen þat he sawe never zere  
 Soche sorowe as schall be there.  
 For all the stones þat evyr weryn  
 On erthe, syth god was borne,  
 225 Othur syth god hath wrought,  
 On a hepe they schall be broght,  
 And yche oon agayne other fyght;  
 That schall be a wondursyght.  
 For gretly þen schall þem drede,  
 230 As them dyd, when god dyedd.  
 When ho schulde on the rode dye,  
 The stones þat undur þe tempull lye,  
 They flowen for dowl of hys dede;  
 So schall they do for drede,  
 235 And for the dome all tobraste.  
 Ovyr þat tyme may no þynge laste;  
 All schall downe þat ever was wrought,  
 Ryght os hyt was made of noght.  
 Now y may þe Xthe token telle:  
 240 That day schall come fendys of helle,  
 And crye schall þey Crystys ore,  
 And sey: 'Lord, let us no more  
 Suffur þe sorowe þat we have done;  
 Let us of thys payne gone.  
 245 Now all þys worlde ys drevyn to ende,  
 Whodurward schull we wende? (sp. 2)  
 No more payne we mon drawe,  
 Wyte us no harder lawe;  
 For we ar wrecchyd and woo begon  
 250 Of þys wrath þat we have done;  
 We mon not telle all owre woo.  
 Let us, lorde, flee the froo,  
 That we no more dryve þe sorowe;  
 Fro oure payne thou us borowe'.  
 255 What god to them schall answere,  
 Wote non of þem, how hyt schall fare.  
 Lord, þat us aftur þy schap haste wrogt,  
 And with thy blood haste us boght,  
 That art lorde almyghty  
 260 Of us synfull pou have mercy.  
 The XIthe day ys full sore  
 To all that ben on bore.  
 That day cometh the tempest full evyn,  
 Lyght layte fro the hevyn,  
 265 And schall schake all þat hyt may fynde,

- Lefe and tree, rode and rynde.  
 Soche layte schall then come,  
 That no man schall on erthe wone.  
 Seynt Austen tellyth *with* hys mouþe  
 270 Of that grete selcouthe:  
 'The aungell þat nevyr synnyd,  
 There he syttyth in hys stede,  
 That day schall for drede quake,  
 And mekyll mone for sorowe make;  
 275 And seynt Petur dombe schall bee  
 For the sorow that he schall see.  
 For drede þe fyrmament schall lete  
 As hyt wolde mankynde frete,  
 And open *and* swalowe þat hyt fyndes'.  
 280 Thes ar wondurtokenynges.  
 That day ay at oure nede,  
 Myghty lorde, us wyasse and rede  
 Thorow the helpe and prayere  
 Of oure lady, thy moder dere.  
 285 The XIIthe day ys not to layne.  
 To synfull man hyt were a payne (44 v, sp. 1)  
 To beholde that day so stronge,  
 Yf that hyt laste oght to longe.  
 That day schall eche elamente,  
 290 That ys undur the fyrmament,  
 Fyght agenste other soo,  
 That to the erthe they schall goo,  
 And dwelle þere in soche a fyght  
 All that day and all that nyght,  
 295 And aftur þat forworthe away,  
 Ryght as nevyr hadd ben day,  
 Wynde no watur ne noght ellys.  
 For as Yeremys us tellys,  
 So be all thyng benommyn  
 300 Wyth that drede that ys to come,  
 That no þyng schall wonne in hys wytt,  
 But of reste and wonnyng flytt.  
 The XIII[the] day then schall falle  
 All þat before hyt stonden in stalle  
 305 Sythen the fyrste begynnynge  
 Of the worldys endyng.  
 For eche mowntayn *and* eche a hylle.  
 Thes dales þat day schall þey fyllle.  
 Eche hylle and eche dyke  
 310 Fro þat day outward schall be lyke,  
 And become evyn and playne,

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289. *elamente* = *elemente*. — 304. *hyt*, *hs. them*.



- Wythowt any turnyng agayne.  
 For aftur that day, for sothe ywys,  
 No thyng of thys worldys blys
- 315 Schall have no reson,  
 That hyt schall falle *and* dryve down;  
 Of nogt was made to noght schall go.  
 But mercy, lorde, and lay, hoo!  
 But of us thou have pytee.
- 320 Of us wrecchys how may hyt bee,  
 That here levyn in owre owne wylle,  
 Oure foule fleschely luste to fulfyllen?  
 The XIII the day comyth so stronge;  
 For yf any man myght leve so longe,
- 325 Soche tokenyng schulde he see,  
 That sore agrysud schulde he bee,  
 That he schulde hys wyt forgoo,  
 As seythe Jeremys and other moo: (sp. 2)  
 'A fyre schall come and overgone
- 330 Foule, beste, fysche and bone,  
 And the erthe so faste renne,  
 All that lyfe hath hyt schall brenne,  
 And overgo all *þat* ever was wroght,  
 And brynge hyt all to noght'.
- 335 Thorow that ys almyghty kyng;  
 Ryght so makyth he endyng,  
 And forworthyth all away,  
 For on the morne comyth the day;  
 That day eche man takyth hys mede
- 340 Ryght aftur hys own dede.  
 The XV[the] day comyth on so stronge wyse,  
 That all mankynde schall upryse  
 Yn state of XXX wyntur eelde,  
 Ther acountys for to gylde.
- 345 Knyghtys *and* kyngys, prestys *and* clerkys,  
 They schall bryng all ther werkys  
 Before them wreton, *þat* all schall see  
 All hys werkys *þat* done hath hee.  
 Bothe hevyn *and* erthe schall see *þat* synne
- 350 That thou, man, art gylte ynne,  
 That ys for to undurstonde,  
 That þou haste wroght *with* fote *and* honde,  
 And wolde not the ther of schryven;  
 Hyt schall nevyr be foryevyn.
- 355 But howndes redy there schall bee,  
 To helle for to drawe thee.  
 Oure lorde schall there bloody stonde,

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318. *lay*? — 337. *hs. for worther*.

- As he was naylyd fote and honde,  
 And schewe hym bothe back *and* syde  
 360 All blody *with* woundes wyde,  
 And schall sey to the soules dere:  
 'Blessyd chylder, comyth nere  
 To the blysse that evyr ys dyght  
 To all tho þat levyn yn ryght.  
 365 When y was pore and nedy,  
 To helpe me ye were redy,  
 Bothe to clothe and to fede  
 And helpe me at all my nede.  
 Therfore hevyn ryche blys,  
 370 Nevyr more schull ye mysse'. (45<sup>r</sup>, sp. 1)  
 To those other he schall say:  
 'Cursed wrecchys, wendys awaye!  
 Ye helpe me nevyr in my nede.  
 And therfore in helle ys dygt yowre mede,  
 375 For no pete was founden in yow,  
 Of the pyte ye schall fayle now'.  
 'Lorde, schall they then say;  
 When come thou to us nyght or day,  
 Mete or clothe us to crave?  
 380 We sye the nevyr mystyr have'.  
 And owre lorde schall sey agayne:  
 'False wrecchys, ye were fayne,  
 When the pore come in my name  
 Oght to aske, to do them schame;  
 385 That ye yeve them ye yeve mee,  
 Wrecchys, sory muste ye bee.  
 But for ye dud them nogt but schame,  
 When they askyd in my name,  
 Therfore ye schall lose the blys,  
 390 And go þere as sorowe *and* peyne ys,  
 And ye schall be *withowten* ende.  
 My dome ys yevyn, *and* ye schall wende'.  
 From soche a dome god us schylde  
 Thorow the preyere of hys moder mylde,  
 395 And graunt us soche workys to wyrche,  
 Thorowe the werke of hooly church,  
 That we may to the blysse wende,  
 That lastyth ay wythowten ende.

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380. *mystyr* = not. — 390. *þere as* = *thither where* (cf. Zupitza zu Guy 1141).

## II. Cotton. Calig. A II.

- Almyȝty god, þat all hath wrought, (89<sup>r</sup>, sp. 1)  
 Heven *and* helle *and* erþe of noght,  
 Watyr *and* londe, days *and* nyght,  
 Sonne *and* mone *and* sterres bryght,  
 5 Grasse, corne, tre *and* beest,  
 Fowlus *and* fyshchus, moste *and* leste,  
 All þyng þat made þorow þy powste,  
 Therfor hyt shall at þy wyll be.  
 Men þou made to þy lykenesse,  
 10 Both boon *and* blood, fell *and* flesh,  
 And hym gaf þou myȝth *and* cure  
 Ouer everych erdely creature;  
 Paradys wyth all þe blys  
 Thow badde hym kepe to hym *and* hys,  
 15 And sayde, he sholde be mayster þore,  
 Ȝyf he wolde do aftur þy lore  
 Ever more wythwten ende,  
 Both he *and* hys þer for to lende.  
 But all þy byddyng he forsook,  
 20 Then he þe appull of heven tooke,  
 And ete hyt ageyne þy commandement  
 þorow þe false fendes entysement.  
 þen was he made of blysse full bare,  
 Bothe he *and* hys for evur more;  
 25 Al styte, as he hadde mysdone,  
 Out of þat stede he was put sone,  
 And lay in sorow *and* in gret peyne  
 Evur tyll he com to blysse agayne.  
 Thus Jesu browȝt all mankyne  
 30 Fro sorow, þat shall nevur blynne.  
 But blessed be he wythouten ende,  
 That to us wolde be such a frende,  
 Whenn he wolde þole hys owene sone  
 Dye for mankynde, þat þus hadde done,  
 35 And bye ageyn þat was forlorne,  
 All þat of Adam kynde was borne.  
 Blessed mote he evur more be  
 That out of þrall made us so fre.  
 Wele ofte y both day *and* nyȝt  
 40 Do þanke þat lord wyth all my myȝth,  
 That lette me be on of þo  
 That wyth hys deth was bowȝte so,  
 And evur more wythouten endyng (sp. 2)  
 Hys shamfull deth to have in mynnyng,  
 45 As blessed kyng *and* kyngus sone,  
 That mych goodnes for me hap done.

- Thanketh be *pou* evere more,  
 That *grete* love *pou* bydde me pore,  
 And mony an *opur* tyme at nede,  
 50 I þonke þe, lord, of þy good dede.  
 For y wot, *pou* art rythwyse,  
 Thow wolte not lese þy marchandyse,  
 But brynge me, lorde, unto *þat* stede,  
 The whych *pou* bowgtest me *wyth* þy dede,  
 55 That we synnefull were fallen fro  
 Thorow Adam synne *and* Eve also.  
 Kyng of heven, blessed *pou* be.  
 Lorde of *grace* *and* of pyte,  
 Graunte us for þy *grete* mygth,  
 60 That we not synne *wyth* þe yesygzth;  
 But of þy *grace* we beseche þe,  
 That fendes yn us have no powste.  
 Mayden Mary, full of grace,  
 Beseche þy sone yn every place,  
 65 As he ys lord of oure begynnyng,  
 That þe fend yn us have no fowndyng;  
 The sowle, *þat* he tooke us to zeme,  
 That *hyt* be to þe *Jesu* for to qweme.  
 A pater noster say we all,  
 70 In deedly synne *þat* we not falle,  
 And an Ave Mary *and* a crede;  
 Have mercy, lord, of oure mysdede.  
 Graunte us shryfte at oure ende,  
 Or *þat* we fro hens wende.  
 75 The XV tokenes telle y may,  
 That schall falle or domus day,  
 As sayth seynt Jeremye  
 In *hys* book of profesye.  
 The fyrste day shall reyne bloode, (v. sp. 1)  
 80 The folk shall crye, as þey were wode.  
 All *þat* on þe erþe doth stonde  
 Schall wax bloody, both heed *and* honde.  
 The chyliden unborn, i telle þe,  
 Of þys token shall aferde be,  
 85 And cryen sore to our dryzte,  
 As þey full well speke mygth.  
 That *opur* day ys strong *wyth* all.  
 Fro heven shall þe sterres falle  
 Also ferrefull *and* also bryght,  
 90 As þe fyer of pondurlyght.  
 Men shall say þen full sone:

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68. *þe* = *pi*.

- 'Thes ben þe tokenes of þe dome.  
 They shall wepe *and* crye sore,  
 And say: 'Jesu Cryste, þyn ore!'
- 95 The þrydde day was nevr non lyeche  
 In erþe nor yn hevenryche.  
 The sonne, þat shyneth so bryght,  
 So fayr *and* full of lyght,  
 Shall be as swarte as any pych.
- 100 Alas! þat day ys full unlych,  
 That men shall þe sonne se  
 At mydday so swarte to be.  
 The folke þat þen shall be a lyve  
 Shall forfare on every clyve.
- 105 Alas! þat we shall þat day abyde,  
 To se þat sorow on every syde.  
 The fowrþe day ys swyde stronge  
 Wyth wepyng *and* wyth sorow among.  
 The mone upon þe erþe shall stonde,
- 110 Into reed bloode *hyt* shall wonde,  
 Hyt tweeketh *and* drawyth to þe grownde;  
 Thus wyll *hyt* be þat ylke stownde.  
 To þe see he drawyth for drede,  
 As Moyses yn *hys* profysye seyde:
- 115 'The mone shall blede *and* fall raþe (sp. 2)  
 And wende out of *hys* ryzt baþe;  
 The man shall say to *hys* wyfe:  
 Alas! þat we beleste a lyve'.  
 The fyfte day *hyt* hyeth on bylyve.
- 120 For evury beste þat ys a lyve  
 Toward heven *hys* heed shall holde  
 And wonþur perof, as *hyt* ys tolde;  
 For þey wolde clepe as to our drygte,  
 And also speke ȝyf þey mygth.
- 125 They shall crye: 'Jesu, þyn oore!  
 Of þys sorow þat we se no more!'
- Thus seyth seynte Jeremye  
 In *hys* boke of propheye,  
 That every best aferd shall be
- 130 Of þe tokenes þat þey shall se.  
 Well owgte we þat unþurstonde,  
 That crystendom have unþurfonge,  
 To praye Jesu of *hys* mercy,  
 As he bowgte us upon a tre,

104. on every clyve, ebenso v. 146. Ist clyve = Ae. *clȳfa* behausung (cf. Mätzner W. I 430, Stratm.<sup>3</sup> 120), hier etwa allgemein = ort? —  
 116. baþe für pape? — 118. beleste, so, nicht belefte, wie man vermuten könnte, hat die hs. Beleste (pract.) hier = dem verb. simpl. 'bleiben'.

- 135 That we mote come ynto blysse,  
*Jesu* lord, when *þat* þy wyll ys.  
 The syxte day shall down falle,  
 The mores *wyth* þe trees alle,  
 To þe yrþe shall þe croop dryve.
- 140 Care *and* sorow shall be þen ryve;  
 þe mon for drede shall lese *hys* wyf,  
 þe wyf þe chyld, þe chyld *hys* lyf.  
 All *þat* lyveth shall lese *hyt* wytte,  
 Woo ys hym *þat* day abytte.
- 145 The folk *þat* be þen a lyve  
 Shall tofare on every clyve.  
 Alas! þe lyf, *þat* ys so towȝ,  
 That may þen lyve yn sorow ynowȝ.  
 For bettyr *hyt* were to be unborn,
- 150 Then suche sorowes yhyde forn.  
 The VII. day shall fall adowne (90r, sp. 1)  
 Hye castelles, walles *and* towne.  
 And adown shall fall every hyll,  
 For þe hylls shall þe dalys fyll.
- 155 For strong drede þey shall qwake,  
 And all þe worlde shall toshake;  
 The erþe shall all tokleve,  
 In þys worlde shall naȝt leve.  
 Then shall þe worlde even be.
- 160 Wo ys hym *þat* hyt shall se.  
 The VIII. day ys all of drede,  
 As Moyses to us hath seyde.  
 The see shall aryse *and* fle  
 More þen *hyt* was wonte to be.

138. *mores*, waldgebirge oder geradezu wälder. — 142. *lyf*. Lieber als = leben, möchte ich das wort hier = lebensunterhalt Ae. *bi*-, *an-leofa* fassen. — 143. *hyt* als possessivum; ebenso *hyt herte* (250). Weitere belege für diesen gebrauch im Me. gibt Morris, E. E. A. P.<sup>1</sup> XXIV ff.; zwei weitere aus *Cleanness* derselbe im Spec. of E. E.<sup>2</sup> II glossar; einen fernern Zupitza bei Koch, Gr.<sup>2</sup> II § 318; cf. auch Morris, Hist. outl. § 173. — 144. 'Weh ist dem, der diesen tag erlebt'. Das relativpron. fehlt. Vgl.:

*Efter þe tua fules þe þrid,  
 An uncuth dai þon es it kidd,  
 Þat þe mone, þat es sa scene,  
 Quen it es in þe waxand sene,  
 Sal becum rede als ani blod  
 Thoru dred of him was don on rode.*

(Curs. Mundi 22493 ff.); s. übrigens Anglia III 67 und Lohmann's aufsatz, ebd. 115 ff.

- 165 For *gret drede hyt ebbeth and* floweth,  
 For stormes *grete þat hyt woneth*.  
 Thorow *stryfte and* mykell wynde,  
 That fro þe fyrmamente doth wende,  
 The wawes shall so *grete be*,  
 170 That to heven þey shall fle.  
 All *þat lyves þat ylke day*,  
 They wolde fle, but þey ne may.  
 That god almygth shulde not hem se,  
 Unþur þe yrþe þey wolde fayn be.  
 175 Then shall þe see *wythdrawe*  
 And wende to *hys ryght lawe*.  
 God of heven, as he well may,  
 Moste kepe us *þat ylke day*.  
 The IX. day wonþur *hyt ys*,  
 180 As þe prophete sayth ywys.  
 Every watyr shall crye þan,  
 Speke *and* have steven of man,  
 And crye on hyz unto our drygh[t],  
 Lyke as þey speke myght:  
 185 'Lorde, þy mercy þou fulfyll,  
 We dede nevur agayn þy wyll  
 Wyth synne ne *wyth* wykked dede'. (sp. 2)  
 Lorde, þou brynge us out of drede,  
 Graunte us, lorde, to come to þy reste.  
 190 Wher bale ys moste, bote ys heste.  
 'The tenþe day ys wellaway,  
 As Jerom sayth *and* Gregory.  
 Knele shall þe angelles bryght  
 Afore þe feete of god almygth.  
 195 Seynt Petur shall falle, y rede,  
 He ne shall speke on worde for drede.  
 They shall se heven goo,  
 And þe yrþe shall also,  
 Skrykyng *and* cryynge well lome  
 200 For drede of þe day of dome.  
 The fendes shall come out of helle,

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166. Mit dem *þat hyt woneth* weiss ich nichts rechtes anzufangen.  
 — 167. *stryfte* müchte ich = *stryf* (Afrz. *estrif*) mit unorganischem *t* fassen (cf. Koch, Gr. I § 166). Diese form findet sich dialektisch noch jetzt; Wright, Dict. verzeichnet *strift* = *death-struggle* aus Norfolk. —  
 190. Dieses bekannte sprichwort findet sich auch bei Hending:

*When þe bale is hest,*  
*Fenne is þe bote nest* (Lond. text 176);

auch der Cambr. und Oxf. text haben es. — 197. Franz. text: *Car il verra lo ciel partir* (v. 159, nach Hofmann's text).

- As saynt John doth us telle,  
 And crye *and* zelle: 'Lord, þyne oore  
 Of our payne *and* our sorowus sore!  
 205 Thys ys a day of stronge sorow,  
 And zet a strengur cometh a morow.  
     The XI. day cometh þondur *and* lygth,  
 And stormes strong wyth gret frygth.  
 The stones shall togedyr fle,  
 210 That evur were ore evur shall be.  
 Then shall all þe worlde todryve.  
 Woo ys hym þat ys on lyve.  
 The reynbowe shall unwryden be,  
 And a grysly sygth þer on to se.  
 215 The fendys for fere shall falle zerne,  
 For drede to helle shall þey turne.  
 Ther be paynus, hote *and* colde,  
 Gryndyng of teþe in mony folde.  
 God hymself seyth: 'þus þey shall be,  
 220 They shull nevur forth fle;  
 Ther þey shall lyve *and* were,  
 And have all þyng þat hem shall dere'.  
 God, graunte us so bytyde, (90 v, sp. 1)  
 That we may be on þe bettur syde.  
 225 And, Marye, help þat hyt so be  
 For þy pure virgynyte.  
     The XII. day ys dolefull denne;  
 For þer nas nevur shappe of manne,  
 But he wolde þenne to god ryght,  
 230 Ȝyf he durste *and* moste or myght.  
 The angelles þat hym serve all  
 Shall for us a kne downe falle  
 To goddes foote for our synne,  
 For our love *and* all mankyne.  
 235 Then shall heven togydur gone;  
 Longe to abyde help ys þer none.  
     Dolfullych comeþ þen þe XIII. day.  
 Ȝyf all lyvede þat lyven may  
 Fro þe bygynyng of dome to come  
 240 Into þe day endyng of dome,  
 Me myght nevur yn book rede  
 All þe sorow *and* all þe drede,

213. *unwryden* von Ae. *onwriðan*. — 218. *in mony folde*, vgl. no. XI: Zu W. v. Schorham. — 227. *denne* = Ae. *dyne* lärm, und dann v. 228 *menne* zu lesen. Doch ist es fraglich, ob *denne* so oder vielmehr = *þenne* zu fassen ist, da der D-text liest: *þat tuelfþe day is dredful þan; For nis non in erþe gost of man* (vgl. v. 137—138).



- That god hymselfe shall se þen,  
 When he cometh yn shappe of mann.
- 245 For all þe stones *grete and* small,  
 That ben on erþe *wythoutenn* tale,  
 All þey shull togedur þrynge  
 For drede of our hevenkyng.  
 They shall aryse *and* fyght also,
- 250 That þe rede fyr shall fro hem go.  
 They shall brenne also bryght,  
 As ys fyr of þondurlyght.
- The fowrtende ys þys *grete* sorow  
 Of stronge fyr, þat cometh on morow.
- 255 Ther ys no þyng in þys worlde þen,  
 That þe fyr ne shall *hyt* brenne,  
 Fowle ne beste þat shall nou leve,  
 þat *hyt* ne shall brenne fro morow to eve.  
 3yf any man lyve *and* se þys, (sp. 2)
- 260 He may be hevy *and* sory ywys.  
 Thys ne passeth not swyde sone,  
 For on morow cometh þe day of dome.
- The XV. day hyeth bylyve.  
 For þer ys no mon on lyfe
- 265 Fro *Adamus* day, þe fyrst mon,  
 To þe dome he shall come þann;  
 And fro þe deth he shall aryse,  
 And of þe dome full sore agryse.  
 Every man yn XXXti wyntur of olde
- 270 Shall come þe dome to beholde;  
 And every mon shall oþur mete  
 At þe mownte of Olyvete.  
 Two *angelles* shall blawe *wyth* hornes,  
 For drede all shall come at ones;
- 275 Well sore þey may agryse,  
 That fro þe deth þen shall ryse.  
 Two *angelles* shall come *Jesu* befor  
*Wyth* schorge *and* spere *and* crowne of þorn,  
*Wyth* drery chere *and* sorowfull mode,
- 280 And so *hyt* herte *and* *hys* blode,  
 The spere as bloody *and* as sharpe,  
 As he was stongenn *wyth* to þe herte.  
 For nonn *envye* ne for no pryde  
 Longeus stonge hym þorow þe syde.
- 285 But he nam þe blode so rede,  
 As þe propheseye hym bede,  
 He strokke *hyt* to *hys* yesygth,

266. *to* doppelt in der hs. — 270. hs. *he holde*. — 281. *sharpe*, hs. *shappe*, wol verschrieben für *sharpe*.

- Hyt* wax as clere as candellyght.  
 He sayde: 'Lorde full of pyte,  
 290 Thys mysdede *pou* forgeve me.  
 I ne dede *hyt* for no wykkedhede,  
 But as þese cursede jewes me bede'.  
 Two angelles shall brynge þe rode brygt,  
 þe bloody naylus, so preysous of syght,  
 295 And say: 'Lorde, we beseche þe,  
 Of all us to have pyte'.  
 Then our lorde *wyth* sterne mode,  
*Hys* armus spredde full of bloode,  
 Shall say: 'Man, *pou* may her se,  
 300 What y have suffred for þe.  
 Skourged y was *wyth* skourges starke, (91<sup>v</sup>, sp. 1)  
 And stongen y was *wyth* a spere to þe hert,  
 Crowned y was *wyth* a crowne of tre,  
 Thys passyon, mon, y suffred for þe.  
 305 Thow were full leef for to swere  
 Be myn yen *and* be myn here,  
 Be my feet *and* be my honde,  
 Be my nayles, *þat* were so longe,  
 My mowth, *þat* y shulde *wyth* speke,  
 310 That woldest *pou* not forgete,  
 Be my teth *and* be my tonge,  
 Be my fyngeres, *þat* were so longe.  
 Man, *hyt* was þe full ryve  
 To swere be my wonþus fyve,  
 315 Be my brayn *and* be myn hedde.  
 My sowle was ofte me byrevedde.  
 Thow woldest me nevir clope ne fede,  
 Thow noldest me halp at no nede;  
 Ofte *pou* woldest forswere þe.  
 320 Man, what suffredest *pou* for me?'  
 þen cometh our lady her sone before,  
 Blessed be þe tyme *þat* she was bore.  
 Her yen shall renne of rede blode,  
 Well sore wepyng *wyth* drery moode,  
 325 Sayng: 'Fadur *and* sone *and* holy goste,  
 Kyng *and* lorde, as *pou* well woste,  
 My bone to day *pou* graunte me,  
 My swete sone, y pray þe.  
 Thy handywerke, *þat* *pou* haste wrowgth,  
 330 My dere sone, *pou* lese *hyt* nowgth.

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306. *yen* d. h. *ien*, augen; cf. v. 323. — 317. Statt *clope* lese ich in der hs. *chope*, was keinen sinn gibt. Das erstere ist das richtige; *clope* und *fede* werden äusserst häufig mit einander verbunden.

- Thow bowgtest hem dere upon þe rode  
 Wyth þy flesh and wyth þy blode.  
 Therfor, swete sone, y pray þe,  
 Of all mankynde þou have pyte.  
 335 Graunte hem þy swete blysse,  
 None of hem þat þou ne mysse'.  
 'Modyr, þy wyll fulfylled shall be,  
 Thy bone to day y graunte hyt þe.  
 Myn hondywerk, þat y have wroght,  
 340 Of þe gode y wyll lese nowgth.  
 But þo þat wolde not honour me,  
 My blysse shall þey never se.  
 But ynto payne shall þey wende, (sp. 2)  
 And ynto sorow wythowten ende.  
 345 And my chyl dren, þat han served me,  
 Blessed mote ge all be.  
 3e shall come wyth me ynto heven.  
 Wyth angelles song and mery steven.'  
 He clepeth hem hym tofore,  
 350 And wele ys hem þat þey were bore.  
 He speketh to hem full myldelych:  
 'Comeþ into my blysse so ryche'.  
 Now, lorde, evur blessed mote þou be,  
 And graunte us, þat b[ly]ssee we mowe se.  
 355 When we have done here our ende,  
 To þy ryche blysse þat we mowe wende.  
 Amen for charite!

GREIFSWALD.

HERMANN VARNHAGEN.

## Nachtrag zu s. 533.

Eine weitere Afranz. version in einer hs. in Florenz weist P. Meyer,  
 Bull. de la soc. des anc. textes franc. 1879, s. 74 nach.

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